

Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Schaugaard, Steven, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Halligan, Steven Salt, Lake County Fire Department; Engineer, Russell, Ron, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Firefighter, Fox, Michael S., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Outzen, Craig, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Captain, De Journett, Charles, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Engineer, Cage, Chris, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Harmer, Jacob, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Bone, Merrill L., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Morell, Brad J, Salt Lake City Fire Department; Firefighter, Glagola, Nicholas P., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Vialpando, David T., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Black, Rick G., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Taylor, Matthew A., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Hambleton, Matt, Salt Lake City Fire Department; Captain, Pilcher, Robin, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Firefighter, Widdison, Anthony, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Doctor, Joyce, Stephen, University of Utah Medical Center; Doctor, Dixon, Lester, St. Marks Hospital; Captain, Cooper, Catherine, Salt Lake City Fire Department; Paramedic, Homen, Jack, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, DeGering, James, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Tuttle, Dick L., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Battalion Chief, Bogle, Tom, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Jensen, Michael L., Salt Lake County Fire Department; HazMat, Robinson, Zachary, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Paramedic, Greensides, Michael, Salt Lake County Fire Department; HazMat, Mecham, Clint, Salt Lake County Fire Department; HazMat, Wall, Ron, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Communications Technician, Garcia, Ted, Private Citizen; Communications Technician, Neal, Joel, Private Citizen; HazMat, Bevan, Keith, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Captain, Rice, Doug, Salt Lake County Fire Department; Firefighter, Gish, Daniel, Salt Lake City Fire Department; Firefighter, Endemano III, Edward W., Salt Lake City Fire Department; Captain, Haakenson, Roy Salt, Lake County Fire Department; Captain, Gaulke, Brian, Salt Lake City Fire Department; Contractor, McQuarry, Mel; and Contractor, Hansen, Ross.

STACEY CALDWELL'S POEM

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, in a meeting today with America's Ambassador to Ireland, Richard Egan, the Ambassador gave me a poem written by an 11-year-old from Northern Ireland.

The poem addresses the horrendous attack on our Nation on September 11 and the shared fears of the American and Irish people. It is moving and eloquent tribute to the innocent victims of these atrocities, and I commend it to my colleagues.

I ask unanimous consent that the poem be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the poem was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

A DAY TO REMEMBER

(By Stacey Caldwell)

Tuesday 11th September 2001

Another day in New York has just begun
Everyone's getting ready for work, no time
to slow down

Mums, Dads and children all rushing around.
But a long time ago a sinister deed was done
For some terrible people, their plans had begun
They plotted and schemed and organized their crime
Every detail discussed, right down to the date and time.
America was the target to be
No-one could predict what they were about to see
Four planes had been hijacked, innocent people on board
Their right to life had been totally ignored.
The twin towers in New York, were the first to be hit
The next was the Pentagon but it wasn't over yet
Another plane was heading for Camp David
But a small group of people tried in vain to save it
Unfortunately they died in a field far away
Never to wake and see another day.
Reality sets in. . . . Thousands of bodies never to be found.
I live in Northern Ireland and I'm eleven years old
I have no idea what the future will hold
Only a hope that peace is near
We cannot live a life constantly faced with fear.
Fear of attack, not knowing who's next
Security stepped up because of the risk
I cannot explain my words, my fear
For my family, my future and the coming year.
I trust in you that you'll do the right thing
Just consider the consequences and what they might bring
I'll never forget what I watched on T.V.
Let's bring them to justice for the world to see.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

TRIBUTE TO JOHN ERICKSON

• Mr. MILLER. Mr. President, Bessie Anderson Stanley once wrote:

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

These words aptly describe our friend, John Erickson, former administrative assistant to the late Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas and Director of Governmental Affairs for Ford Motor Company's Southeast Region. John died a few weeks ago at the age of 81, leaving behind a legacy that will long be remembered by those of us who knew him.

I first met John in 1975 at the beginning of my first of four terms as Lieutenant Governor of Georgia. John came by to see me and I immediately knew that he was a special person. Our friendship carried over to my terms as Governor and until his death in Winter Park, FL, on September 3.

John was a native of Roger, AR, where he began a political career that endeared him to U.S. Senators, Con-

gressmen, and Presidents, and to everyone who knew him.

His first experience in politics and public service began when he was a student at the University of Arkansas as Secretary to the late Congressman Clyde Ellis, who represented Arkansas' Third Congressional District. When Congressman John McClellan defeated Ellis for a seat in the U.S. Senate, John was asked to become secretary to Ellis' successor, J. William Fulbright.

When John accepted Fulbright's offer, it began a partnership that lasted for more than two decades. John Erickson engineered Fulbright's election to the U.S. Senate in a highly contested race that included former Senator and the first woman elected to serve in the Senate, Hattie Carraway. Also in the race was Arkansas' sitting Governor, Homer Atkins. Fulbright won the race, bringing national attention to both the new Senator and to the skills of John Erickson.

He served Senator Fulbright well and while building a reputation among his peers as a hard-working, politically savvy staff member whose devotion to his boss was exceeded only by his love for, and dedication to, his wife and family.

John had a wonderful family. He married his childhood sweetheart, Sara Louise Glenn, with whom he enjoyed 53 years of companionship before her death in 1998. John and Sara Lou are survived by their children: Gunnar Erickson and his wife, Barbara of Malibu, CA; Karen Erickson of Colorado Springs, CO; and Kristin Erickson and her husband, Jon Farmer, of Winter Park, FL.

In addition to his staff duties with Senator Fulbright, John provided political knowledge and skills to other candidates as well. In the national elections of 1952 and 1956, John took leave from Senator Fulbright's staff to work in the campaigns of Illinois Governor Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic nominee for President. He was a valued member of Stevenson's staff, often traveling with the candidate while managing his office operation in Springfield, IL.

John joined Ford Motor Company in 1960 as civic and governmental affairs manager in Kansas City. While there, he served on the committee that planned the funeral services for former President Harry Truman. He moved to Atlanta in 1970 from where he worked with State and national officials on such issues as seat belt laws, highway safety and other legislative matters.

John Erickson's life and his death touched the lives of all of those with whom he was associated.

The poet Longfellow expressed it well when he wrote:

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,